Father and Daughter

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Father and Daughter

by marynn_kokoelma

Summary

The Hobbs father and daughter relationship after the apocalypse.

Notes

English is not my fist language so feel free to notice me any mistake.

Abigail had always known the after of the apocalypse, she was too young when the actual event had taken place. Her father told her the government had become insane and had declare war to almost every other nation resulting in an embargo on their country. And then the peoples had gone insane, fearing the lack of food, of gas and everything. Her father had told her they had everything, and what they didn't had they could made, hunt or learn. But people were inclined to blame their neighbour and soon the country had fallen into civil war, the worst kind, one of extermination.

"People were not ready to the apocalypse had said her father, they should have been, look at us, we are doing fine". They were doing fine, well depending on your way of seeing that. They were healthy, well feed, well clothed… But Abigail was despising everyday of her existence.

She was waiting nearby an old passing road, not far away from their home. Well home was a bit of an exaggeration, it was only a cabin in the wood only two rooms, no running water or electricity, but "everything we need" according to her father. She was waiting here almost every day, sometime from dawn to dusk, waiting for someone to pass.

Today was one of those days where she wasn't sure if she had to be pleased or despair as the dust on the road started to elevate. Someone was coming their way. Abigail whistled a strange sound almost an owl noise, she had to warn her father. She straitened her posture as the stranger came closer, he was alone with a card full of stuff. He would probably be warier than some, the few with processions always were. She tried her best to look alluring and non-threatening before greeting him. He was a red hair, taller than her and probably stronger.

"Hi, she said, where do you come from?" It was almost every time the same question where do you come from, at the beginning it had been some small town nearby but now they were coming from far in the north. She did not know the town name he was giving and it didn't matter "Oh, I'm from Thunder Bay, I'm heading south for the winter but I plan to camp here. Do you want to share the fire?" The weather was mild for the season, but a place near a fire wasn't something you could say no to and the stranger did not. She offered him a wide smile, think of his soon place of honour on the fire.

She had her hand in her pocket while conducting him deeper in the wood, waiting for the signal. It was as quick as lightning, her father jumping behind the stranger, securing his arms behind his back with an arm and pulling his head backward. She gutted him, with precise gesture build by habit. She muttered a "thank you" while observing the surprise on his face, he was trying to put a fight but it was too late, ha was just bleeding faster. She stayed in this position a while before hearing her father saying:

"Come, we have to honour every part of him…"
"…Otherwise, it's just murder." She completed.

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